

THE COWL

ISSUE 2009

Katrina's Valentine's Day Adventure

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ARROW
 CANDY
 CARD
 CHOCOLATE
 CUPID
 DATE
 FLOWERS
 HEART
 LOVE
 PASSION
 POEM
 ROMANCE
 ROSES
 SWEETHEART
 VALENTINE

Attention Freshmen and Sophomores...

BE OUR VALENTINE!

Love to correct your
friends' grammar?

Love finding mistakes
in *The Cowl*?

If so, the Copy Editing
Staff wants YOU!

Come down to the Cowl
Office, Slavin G05, to fill
out an application.

WHAT'S IN THE STARS THIS VALENTINE'S DAY?

Libra(September 23 - October 22): You may not know that love is right around the next Ray table but it is. As you're silently deciding not to settle for the next girl or guy who holds open a door, so is your future mate. You're ready to become the "relationship type" and your counterpart is out there waiting. Next time you're intently posting on ANGEL in the library, take a look over your monitor. He or she may be your angel. (Oh, yeah. I said it.)

Aquarius (January 20-February 18): Romance is overrated. You know what's in? Bromance! Why stop a good thing? For Pete's sake, that Zoomba class has been doing wonders for your figure and love will find you when you least expect it. You've always put your faith in the Fates. Keep doing what you're doing. With a classy glass of red wine (or pomegranate juice), play that Taylor Swift song on repeat 'til your heart's contend and execute that thesis outline with the same resilience.

Gemini (April 20-May 20): You let your friends proofread your papers. It's probably a good idea to let them go over your plans for romance as well. Not that the whole "hold the boom box playing Peter Gabriel over your head" isn't great but it's a bit outdated. Don't hold your friends at arms' length. They only have your best intentions at heart. Even when on the 20th, when the epitome of your dream mate suggests a low-key date, run it by your home base first. The best laid plans of mice and men may often go awry but I doubt you're silly enough to seek romantic counsel from rodents...or men.

Scorpio(October 23 - November 21): Nothing is written in stone. While you might be very close with your significant other. Important things can go unsaid. Communication is key but come the 14th, pump the brakes. It's already a pretty emotional day. No need to put extra pressure on things.

Pisces (February 19-March 20): February so far has left you quite cynical. You've laughed off those poetic text messages and Fred Astair dance moves in Danny's as merely just the product of watching Wedding Crashers one too many times. Loosen up. You won't necessarily fall back into bad relationships patterns with some good advice from good friends. On February 20th, you'll get it and figure out the right balance.

Cancer (June 22-July 22): Chill. If you play it cool, your significant other probably will too. Stressing out about romance is about as fruitful as say, lying to Katie Couric about taking performance-enhancing drugs at any point in your professional baseball career. It only comes back around to bite you in the rear. The best way to convey your feelings is to figure out exactly what they are. Make sure you know how you feel before you start trying to convince your crush to fall for you through the classic art of flirtatious glances across the bar in Brad's.

Sagittarius (November 22-December 21): You've always had the gift of gab but this month it's best to work on your listening skills. Sometimes the best way to get your significant other to open up is for you to become the captivated audience. Although it's chilly out, don't overlook opportunities for a stroll outside or a chance to link hands. It may do more than words can say.

Aries (March 21-April 19): What do you shower in fairy dust? These days you look more attractive than a Benjamin Button on a Harley Davidson and display a personality more charming hearing a British accent say "holiday" or "trousers." Who's better than you? Most are left without an answer. Just remember, although you may not realize it, you could be breaking hearts with each walk from Smith to Al-Mag. Maintain that humility but as every lip-glossed L'Oreal model says: "because you're worth it."

Leo (July 23-August 22): I'm not sure if you've had contact with the outside world in the past few months but we're in a recession, for real. Oh and also, we've elected the first African American president of the United States, the Pittsburgh Steelers won the Super Bowl last month, and to top it all off, Gatorade has introduced the most fantastic liquid ever to touch a taste bud entitled "G2." Aside from that last luxury, it's time to trim the fat. This month, maintain this mindset: the cheaper the romance, the chicer the romance. So go rent "Notting Hill" and curl up on the couch with your crush. It's a lot less cold than the walk to Old's.

Capricorn (December 22-January 19): Let's be honest. Things aren't completely in order right now. You didn't exactly read for that last Civ quiz and you've been a bit quick to visit Louie the past few Mondays. Judgement-free Zone, of course. But it's probably a good idea to attempt to get some things in order because around the 15th romance is going to hit you harder than a school bus hits Regina George.

Taurus (April 20-May 20): Why the long face? Take it from Stuart Smalley and look yourself in the mirror and repeat after him: "I'm good enough. I'm smart enough. And doggone it, people like me." Count your blessings. There's plenty of them. You've got great friends, a fantastic education via eight different theology courses, and the last time you were in Concannon, that attractive fellow Friar you've had your eye on had their eye on you. You may lose some hope this weekend when he/she is off with another but as the great Leona Lewis once said, "it'll all get better in time."

Virgo (August 23-September 22): The beginning of February seemed darker than the chocolates you planned on stuffing your face with come this weekend. Don't give up hope yet. Take time to recharge your batteries. A lot can be said for a hot shower, a cup of tea, and a viewing of "You've Got Mail" (or "Rudy") when you're feeling low. Focus on getting a good night's sleep and when you're feeling more like yourself, love will find you.

The Letters that You Wish You Sent, But Never Found the Nerve

Dear Fling X,

The one accomplishment for which I am giving you absolute credit is ruining my summer. Consider that a crowning achievement, as I was determined that you should not, though you somehow managed to do so anyway.

Gleeful memories of us sneaking onto the roof of the Hotel Syracuse at 2 a.m., completely intoxicated, of watching Independence Day fireworks glimmer in the rippled water of Otisco Lake, dashed! By that moment, when I saw the snot dangling from your left nostril after the Flipping Ferris Wheel ride at Summer Wonderland Amusement Park. A minute passed, and you failed to notice. More minutes passed—the glob grew in size—and you still failed to notice. The precise *moment* came after ten dire moments of my saintly sympathy, when I ended it. (That we were 'violently' separated that day by the surging tide of the crowd was, well, intentional.)

Perhaps my venting is a bit delayed, but I view it more as overdue. In turn, my self-proclaimed greatest accomplishment is that I do not loathe you completely for your pathetic snot, and in some small way sincerely wish that what we had was more than a summer fling that rolled over into a fall fling, but no further. Keep in mind that your existence in my life does not deserve any higher appellation than that of "Fling ____."

Alas! I am so desperately single now...you see, the trouble is that I've run out of Fling letters, ('Y' and 'Z' did not last very long) and 'X' is well...exciting. My desolation has left me craving the passionate love we had that was so fitting of your appropriated label. A Happy Saint Valentine's Day to you, my love.

XXXXXX...O

Love is like haiku;

Love hovers, aloof,
Floating like gossamer dreams,
Breaking chandeliers.

Love opens new doors,
Repaints old shutters and trim,
Sweeps out the garage.

Love soars like the birds,
Leaving crap on everything,
Taking down airplanes.

Love is like haiku;
It rarely seems to make sense.
Refrigerator.

Thinking of you still.
Happy St. Valentine's Day.
Less than three, Bobby.

Dear M—,

This is crazy. If I knew how to say it in Portuguese I'd say it in Portuguese because apparently that's a language you actually understand. Your English could sometimes use some work (yes, I know you've been in Brazil for the last two years), but I love you anyways.

And when I say 'love' I mean it in the most wonderful sense of that word. This is crazy, M—, you and I both know it. You say that it's worth it and I love you so I'll trust you. I still think it's crazy.

With hope,

J.

At first, I thought I'd write you a poem in iambic pentameter. It would have taken a lot of work and thought, and that would have been the point. But once I'd finished, I'd probably decide not to send it to you anyway. It would have been a big waste of energy and time, and I have a lot of other homework I need to get to tonight. It could have been great, but I'm settling for a safer bet.

It was Valentine's Day, about a year ago. Neither of us had valentines. It was as if we both implicitly understood that Valentine's Day is a holiday invented by greeting card companies to make people feel like crap. Okay, maybe I do think otherwise. But if I gave that impression, you'd have soon been on your phone, texting your girlfriends rather than listening to me.

We snuck up onto the roof of Howley, by the ladder in the back, which has since been blocked by security. We looked up into the sky, for long periods of silence, at the remaining stars that weren't obscured by the city's pollution. Maybe if there weren't such high toxin levels, things could have been different.

You were squinting to try and find Orion's Whatever and you unknowingly inched towards the edge, before starting to fall. I caught you and pulled you back onto the roof.

I saved your life. It could have turned into a great midpoint of a romantic comedy, but I choked.

What else can I say? It's been a year. Your voice, your tastes, your sentences, your accent, your beliefs.

If this letter speaks to you at all, you have my number. I wonder if I am yet elite enough to rank in your speed dial contacts.

-yours in truth.

To My Would-Be Rendezvous,

I left New York sometime around twelve. When I got off the train in Boston, I didn't see you... I'll admit that I wasn't looking very hard. I was afraid to see you and afraid to not see you, so I avoided the situation altogether.

I want to say that I'm sorry for missing you, but it's not for the reasons you'd think. It's not because I'd like to stop waking up from strange dreams where I'm blinded in a train station. It's not because I hate thinking about what you must have felt if you saw me sprinting towards the exit. It's not because I hate remembering that you figured I wouldn't come.

Because I did come—it was just a missed connection. Albeit one I missed slightly on purpose. I'm sorry because... everything I said that day... it's all still there, and you'll never know it.

I walked away with my eyes on the floor, hoping fate would intervene and that I would literally run into you. I ran into my petty fears instead, and it takes more guts than I thought to shove myself aside.

Can we please meet up again? I swear this time I'll get it right.

Do you like me?
Check

Yes or No

Would you love me if I was
someone else?
Check

Yes or No

Dear Girl,

By reading this it means that I've been stupid enough to follow the instructions of whatever little courage I have in my heart to write it. I hate writing like this because I'm always worried it reveals too much. I'm reserved about putting things, like what I'm hopefully about to say, on paper. It terrifies the hell out of me that someone else in this world might be able to relate to how I feel, and for whatever reason I feel compelled to share with you. Good for me I guess.

I guess the hard part now is saying what I want to say. I can't lace this letter with 'I love you' or anything corny, because if I understood all of that I wouldn't need this letter. I can't even give you a good reason to take a leap of faith with someone like me, because I can't guarantee how it'll end. I guess the only thing I can promise is that if you get to know me more, you'll be pleasantly surprised at how dedicated I'll be to you. And I'll make you smile whenever you need me to. So far I've been pretty successful at that, so I must be doing something right.

It's a miserable world out there at times. I can't change that, but if you'll let me I'll do my best to make it a little bit better for you.

With honesty,
Daniel

—The Portfolio Staff

Valentine's Day ... Around the World

COURTESY OF THE BBC



Parisians release white doves in front of a wall with "I Love You" written in 300 languages.



In China, flowers may be confiscated—but observance of the day catches on regardless.



Indian protesters disrupt festivities which they consider against Hindu culture...



But there are no religious objections in neighboring Bangladesh.



Shops in the United Arab Emirates cash in on the occasion.



English swans are not shy of a public display of affection.

*Time and time again we all hear different takes on love,
It's just a big enigma that I will now attempt to solve...*

*Love is not the thought inside a word inside a song
Nor is it the scenes inside the movies that we watch*

*Sorry John Cusack, Peter Gabriel had it wrong
Plus that boom-box was pretty weak, get an iPod bro*

*Love is not evil, apathy, thanklessness or greed
Love is not intentional or any song by Creed*

*Love it means you never have to say that you're sorry...
Actually, that makes no sense (what were you smoking, writers of Love Story?)*

*Love is not a playlist or a clever Calvinian quip
Love is not hosing noobs or A+ pizza dip*

*Love is not a comfy bed you go to take a nap
Nor is it the way you get when you watch Mars Attacks!*

*You're not in love with Brad Pitt, Eva Mendes or Marty McFly
And Love Actually is not love, actually it's more like Jello pie*

*Cupid's arrows hitting us don't result in love to fall
The only results are expensive trips to hospitals*

*Tina Turner asked "What does love have to do with it?"
And Nazareth said "Love Hurts," and J. Giles said it stinks*

*But I'm not being pessimistic, the glass of love is indeed half full
The only problem is that the other half is filled with bull*

*The Beatles got it right when they said one cannot buy love
It's priceless, out of reach just like the stars or moon or sun.*

*Maybe, with a stretch, you can attempt to purchase love
But then it's not love anymore, it's just prostitution*

*It's a crazy little thing, delirious, something you try to sing
The point is that love cannot be defined by just one thing*

*It might be some perfection, an ideal we try to see
Something that can breathe and brings to life, divinity*

*It might be watching movies late at night with snuggles donned
It might be the creepy way that scene from Ghost just turns you on*

*We might find love in hope or the struggle to get through pain
Or in a single day where corny Valentines are exchanged*

*Love might be a many splendored thing; at least for me,
I take mine with extra splendor, too much love can rot the teeth*

*It could just be a state of mind or soul that makes you see
That love can save the world just because it sets us free...*

*So all these things that might be love, none of them truly fit
So what the hell is love? I do not know, but I love it*

*But it doesn't matter all we think know or we believe
All we need to show is that we know it's all we need*

By John Vaghi '10

For my Sweetheart on every Valentine's Day

How does one describe Valentine's Day?

Some may say its a day for love

A day for roses, chocolates, sweets and kisses

A day to tell the one how much you care

And a day to tell them that forever you will be there

But many times we forget that one day is not enough

Not nearly enough

Because love is something done over a lifetime

And that is the beauty that I see on this Valentine's Day

So on this special day I think it's important to remember

that the most special part of today is you

And I hope you realize that you have my love

For all our years too

—anonymous

HAPPY VALENTINE'S DAY 2009

Culinary Corner Valentine's Day Linzer Cookies

courtesy of Katrina Davino '10



2/3 cup packed golden brown sugar
1/2 cup unsalted butter at room temperature
1 large egg
1 1/2 cups flour
1/2 cup toasted almonds, ground
3/4 teaspoon cinnamon
1/2 teaspoon baking powder
1/2 teaspoon salt
1 jar all-fruit raspberry jam (seedless)
Confectioner's sugar

In a large mixing bowl, beat the sugar, butter, and egg until creamy. Slowly add the flour, almonds, cinnamon, baking powder, and salt, and beat until well blended. Form the dough into a disc, wrap tightly in plastic wrap, and chill for at least one hour.

Preheat the oven to 375°. Roll the dough out on a floured surface until it is about 1/8" thick. Cut into heart shapes with a cookie cutter. Cut the centers out of half of the cookies with a smaller heart-shaped cookie cutter, rerolling the centers and scraps to cut out more cookies. Place at least half an inch apart on a cookie sheet and bake for 6-7 minutes or until golden brown. Cool cookies on wire racks.

Once cookies are cool, spread raspberry jam on whole cookies and sandwich cut-out cookies on top of them. Sprinkle powdered sugar on top of all the cookies, and share with friends and loved ones!

A Beautiful Young Nymph Waking in Bed

When the nymph awakes with tangled tresses,
To observe her mound of wine-stained dresses,
What loathsome, fractured memories must roil in her brain...

Of dodging a swarm of oncoming cars
To water herself at Admir'l Street bars.
Where in, to her most sinful of delights,
She dost fritter away the weekend nights

In the most crass displays of drunkenness,
Which are too oft mistake'd for wantonness
By the lusty packs of Bacchus minded wags.

Of fending off their shameful advances,
But willing their gifts of drink and dances.
The nymph, receiving their amours plights,
Did offer the goblins her carnal delights,
In reciprocity for their most generous ways.

And having made such a cheap trollop's deal,
She, walking off in a broken heel,
Leads some drunken young fellow up the road.

And making their way up Admiral Street,
Our fine young nymph, (now in her stocking feet)
Tripping on the curb, tumbles to the earth.

Our fine young gallant does not lift her up,
As a vessel for purity, or sacred cup.
But waits unmoved, and she's left to raise
Her thin, battered frame, in a drunken daze,
Bruised, to its cut and soiled feet.

And they resume their sinful course
(Her, walking with the grace of an injured horse)
To the privacy of her chamber rooms.

They reach the door, and she leads him in,
Drawing him close, with a coquettish grin,
The door is closed, and they mount the bed
(Our gallant cares not for what's in her head).

And when our fair nymph, with her small bruised ass,
Sits at Saint Dominic Chapel for an evening Mass,
Mary Magdalene, her pointed nose upturns,
For she can see the hidden cigarette burns,
And knows our nymph, of shame, has none,
For doing with many what she should do with one.

But though our nymph may seem a lush,
Her rude behavior good reason to blush,
She runs well within the norm...

For at PC such nymphs abound,
On weekends their bodies dot the ground,
Outside of Brad's and Old's
And many others, in frigid colds
In rains and sleet and weather severe,
Looking up to some manly peer
For an affirmation of their worth.

But if, instead of trading on their looks,
They focused themselves on study and books
They might awake not so dejected
And find themselves, by their peers, respected.
For admiration and beauty go in kind
To a well, sound body and a sounder mind.

—Charles Squib

Mango's Top Five Most Bromantic Valentine's Day Movies

1. Groundhog Day
2. Braveheart
3. High Fidelity
4. Blood Battle 3
5. Blade Runner

"If a diamond is your best friend,
doesn't that make you a weirdo?"

"Don't put that in, it's going to
make me sound like a weirdo."

—John Mango '10



TOPLOVESONGS

1. "What's Love Got to Do with It" - Tina Turner
2. "First Day of My Life" - Bright Eyes
3. "Wonderful Tonight" - Eric Clapton
4. "Falling Slowly" - Glen Hansard and Marketa Irglova
5. "A Certain Girl" - Warren Zevon
6. "Hummingbird" - Wilco
7. "Hello" - Lionel Richie
8. "We Built this City on Rock and Roll" - Jefferson Starship
9. "Mass Romantic" - The New Pornographers
10. "Love Story" - Taylor Swift

Honorable Mention: "Born to be Wild" - Steppenwolf

ROVING PHOTOGRAPHER

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FEBRUARY 12, 2009

What would you want a candy conversation heart to say?



"I'll pay!"
Katie Tripp '12



"Clean your machines!"
Sara Squeglia '12, Leah Gunner '09,
Lauren Migliacci '11



"How much?"
Sean Phillips '11, Mike Grilli '09, Courtney Nelson '10,
Ben Robbin '09, Brenden Ward '09



"Make out or die!"
Dan O'Reilly '09, Kelli O'Donohue '11,
DJ McSwiggen '12



"Give me that candy!"
Steve Lai '11, Faith Robinson '11



"I am sorry I hurt you with my umbrella!"
-Chris Brown

Someone Had to Say It

BY ANNEMARIE GRANDSTRAND '09
A&E EDITOR

He's just not that into you. Picture it. It's easy. You're in Danny's, towards the front, grouped with a few of your friends who've just returned with a pitcher to share. As you place the now almost empty vessel of Bud Light back on the table, you take a breath between verses of "Single Ladies" to scan the crowd.

You see him: Lax McBro. He's feeding crumpled dollars into the jukebox, surrounded by his roommates. Perfect opportunity, you think. You happen to have to go to the bathroom, you happen to have a freshly-ironed single in your clutch, and perhaps, dare I say—even a witty suggestion of what song to play. (You did once discuss the cultural importance of Creedence Clearwater Revival's "Fortunate Son" while exiting Feinstein one beautiful fall afternoon.) Rob Reiner could not have written the scene better himself.

The Farewell to Bars plan is put into motion. You know your legs are steadily propelling you closer to him but all you're conscious of is how lovely it will be to have secured a Valentine this year, if you'll go out to a fancy restaurant or he'll make you dinner and if St. Dominic Chapel really does have a two-year waiting list.

Ah, yes. But as you strategically tuck that bit of hair behind your ear before executing your plans of romantic bliss, look to your left. Pump the brakes, kiddo. The old girlfriend's back in the picture. Oh, and look, she brought him a beer to match the vomitotously wet



Image courtesy of NEWLINE CINEMA

kiss she just slobbered on his face. Step back out of what now feels like the splash zone at Sea World and take a minute. How did this happen? Did you play this all up in your head or is it his fault for perpetuating witty banter with flirtatious undertones?

Maybe this scene isn't exactly you. But you probably know someone like this: someone who has an insatiable need to overanalyze every interaction with a person even remotely attractive. Everyone has that friend who, from time to time, gets the bug. Aside from latex gloves, the only way to handle the bug is with rationality. This antidote is skillfully clarified in the recently released movie, *He's Just Not That into You*.

Directed by Ken Kwapis, the documentary is crafted to play into any insecurities homo sapiens possess concerning intimacy, pry them open, slap them around, and shove them in front of the RIPTA. Okay, I'll scale it back. It's probably meant to be marketed as an estrogen-fueled Rom-Com and for the most part it

is. It's packed with the super, super, huge, mega-famous like Ben Affleck, Jennifer Connolly, Drew Barrymore, Jennifer Aniston, Scarlett Johansson, E from Entourage, and the lanky bloke from those Microsoft-bashing commercials. The lanky bloke (later determined to be Justin Long) is supposed to be a guru of romantic relationships. This is an interesting choice in the casting department considering he looks like he just got his learner's permit and would probably file "attaining armpit hair" under "lifetime achievements."

The real gem of the movie is Ginnifer Goodwin. Her character, Gigi, is cracked but endearingly whimsical about it. She's that girl in Danny's. After chatting with Lax McBro that day in Feinstein, she probably also picked out china patterns and baby names. While the Gigi Syndrome is rarely fatal and treatable, it's more exhausting than mono and can leave you more cynical and dejected than say, the uncovering of a 2003 Texas Ranger drug test. (Too

soon, A-Fraud? —That's what Madonna said. Boom! Roasted!)

Lanky Long's main thesis is that most girls (and occasionally guys) throw logic out the window and convince themselves that they are the exception to the rule. That just because you know a girl who didn't get called back from a Lax McBro because he actually lost his phone while in Somalia, shirtlessly building an orphanage for blind kids, but kept notebooks of poetry about her for the day he returned. That's the exception to the rule. Love, actually, isn't always around. Remarkably, people sleep in Seattle every night. And you can do all the dirty dancing in Clubbie's 'til it gets raided like a Michael Vick dog show but sometimes, baby, you're in the corner. The key is not to pout. Be wary of friends just telling you what you want to hear. They are called enablers.

I'm not sure what the moral of the story really is. But I did learn a few things.

1. People really do date—no where near our zip code, of course.

2. Ben Affleck's Christian head and pagan body makes Michelangelo's *David* look like Peter Griffin.

3. Hope is in fashion. (Don't deny it, my precious little Republican friends. It's beyond the status one of Oprah's favorite things.) Embrace hope in whatever way you can. Whether that means your eyes light up at the serendipitous sight of a used Gabriel Garcia Marquez novel or you dream of riding home for break with Harry or Sally, "ya gotta believe." Try to not put too much emphasis on nabbing a mate but remember that you very well could be the exception to the rule.



Tiffany & Earl

Making PC an emotionally stable place, one letter at a time...



Dear Scarlett,
Okay, so your problem is...interesting. Don't get me wrong, I'm not judging you or anything. I just find fetishes like this fascinating. Here's the truth, I had a similar problem once. I went through a phase where I only dated / hooked up with drummers. It was awkward, but very easy to do since I had some good friends at Berklee who provided them for me. I eventually moved on though, realized that soccer players were just as attractive, and that painters are way better as far as artists go.

My point? You might find that you like blondes or dark-haired guys, too. Maybe you might even find out that you like boys who don't even have hair. (If that turns out to be the case you should start loitering around the ROTC office, men in uniform are undeniably attractive.)

If, however, you're stuck on your gingers for the moment, my advice to you is go beyond the campus limits. There are sure to be lots of eligible red-haired gents that you can shag up on College Hill.

And what if you can't find yourself a date, ginger or otherwise, in time for Saturday? If I were you, I'd stay in and rent *Driving Lessons* because believe it or not, Rupert Grint has had more roles than just Ron Weasley.

Tiffany

This Week...

Craving the V-Day Love

Dear Tiffany and Earl,

Valentine's Day is coming up and like most others writing to you guys, I'm searching for advice on how to land that perfect fish right before the big day. My case, however, is unique and therefore more important. You see, I have what you would call in the world of psychology, a fetish. I cannot get enough ginger in my life. I cannot be happy with a man who does not have fiery red hair. Now there is somewhat of a red population at this institution, but I have had my run at every single one of them (except two for very good reasons). I have somehow been able to gain access to every bedroom around that belongs to a redhead. Now there is no one left, and I feel alone. I find it somewhat ironic that on the reddest of all holidays I can't find a red-haired lover. Please help.

Thanks,
Scarlett Fever

*We're sure Valentine's Day was rough.
We're here to help.*

Write to Tiffany and Earl!
AskTiffanyEarl@yahoo.com

Dear Scarlett,
I well understand how hard it is to reconcile a debilitating Freudian fetish with a fanatically desperate personality. I was reading an article in *The Huffington Post* about about this very topic, and believe me, Carol Ann Burger really understood the problem, probably because she stabbed her ex-boyfriend 20 times (talk about obsessive, har har).

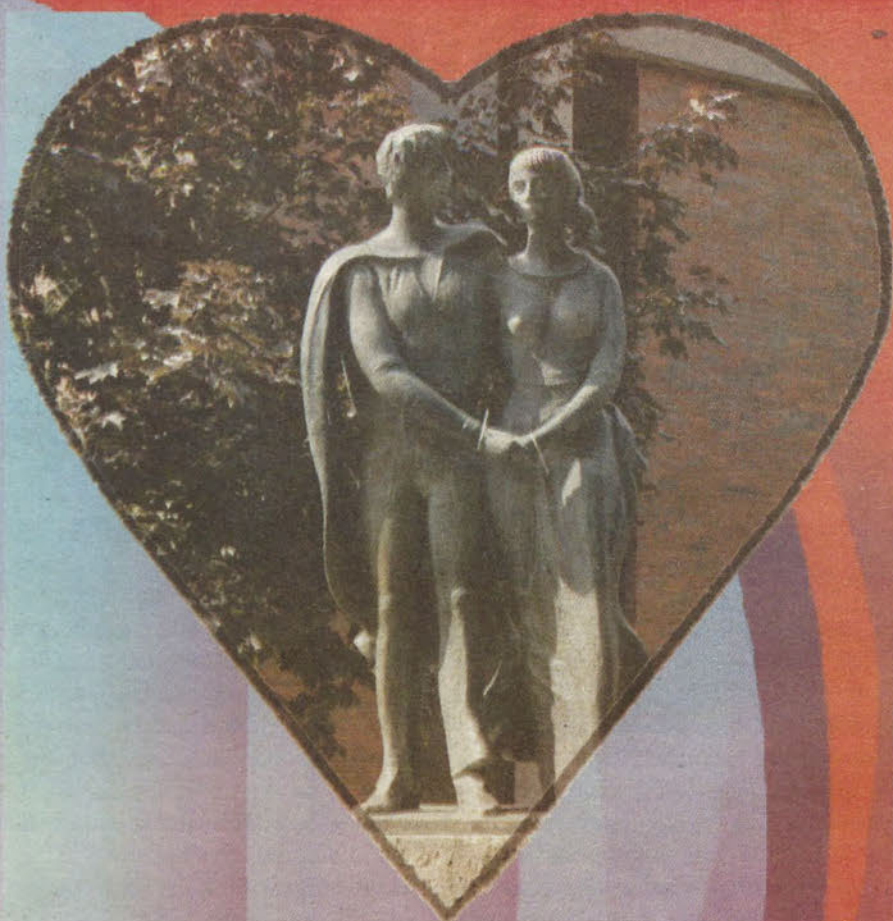
Miss Burger highlighted the fact that the link between desperation and fetish is a mental handicap a la *Mercury Rising*. So turns out you're a tad Forrest Gump-ish. However, all joking aside, look how well he's doing for himself.

I understand this may come as a bit of a shock. My brother was diagnosed with dyslexia at the age of 23, so I can basically visualize what you're going through.

Don't get down, though. There is hope. Forty women in the United States identify as being something called Objectum Sexual. This is to say they fall in love, communicate telepathically, and have sexual relations with objects. Now, most of these women suffer from your unfortunate condition and you'll be happy to know that Objectum Sexuals are polygamists. So this is right up your alley.

Think of the possibilities. I know it's a bit much to ask you to change, but there are beautiful red objects out there. The Golden Gate Bridge is single.

EARL



From Our Heart to Yours...

"...this guy goes to a psychiatrist and says, 'Doc, uh, my brother's crazy; he thinks he's a chicken.' And, uh, the doctor says, 'Well, why don't you turn him in?' The guy says, 'I would, but I need the eggs.' Well, I guess that's pretty much now how I feel about relationships; y'know, they're totally irrational, and crazy, and absurd, and... but, uh, I guess we keep goin' through it because, uh, most of us... need the eggs."

—Annie Hall



Love from The Cow!

LaSalle Pizzeria

1005 Smith Street
Providence, RI 02908
401-228-3004

Greetings!

Back by popular demand - the LaSalle Pizzeria Valentine Menu. This Gourmet-to-Go Meal for Two is a great way to make someone feel really special. If you don't want to take out a second mortgage to pay for dinner at one of those swanky downtown restaurants - this is an economically fantastic choice for you to consider. We cook all the food, package it up and have it ready for you to pick up to re-heat and serve in the comfort of your home. So skip those over priced flowers and fattening candies and go for the healthy home-made meal for two!

Valentine Menu

Appetizers

(Choose 2)

Baked Brie with Raspberry Sauce
Stuffed Mushrooms
Stuffed Portobellos
Fried Pork Wontons

Entrees

(Choose 2)

Fettuccine Alfredo
Chicken Parmigiano
LaSalle LaSagna (Sausage or Veggie)
Baked Stuffed Fish
Tim's Meatloaf

Vegetables

(Choose 2 - each serves 2)

Caesar Salad
Oven Roasted Potatoes
Green Bean Medley
Garlic Smashed Potatoes

Dessert

(Choose 2)

Reese's Peanut Butter Pie
Carrot Cake
Chocolate Bourbon Pecan Pie

\$59.95 per Couple

Ready Gourmet-To-Go Pick-up
Pre-orders are required 48 hours in advance with a 50% non-refundable deposit.

Every day should be an expression of love to your valentine - but you can make them feel even more special this weekend by a great home cooked meal prepared by LaSalle Pizzeria. Unlike some of those high priced places - you won't need to get a second mortgage to have a great gourmet meal.

Sincerely,

Tim Lloyd
LaSalle Pizzeria

**Save
25%**

Get a second Valentine Package for 25% Off! Call up your friends or friends and let them in on this great Valentine Package. Maybe you want to send mom and dad a great meal while getting one for you and your special valentine. Time is running out on this limited meal opportunity!

Offer Expires: February 13, 2009